

Oh god all might this one is really sus I made it as a joke but its 100% furry smut deer god I made more

MxM Nicodeme Savoy bounces his large pecs playfully at you owo

Once upon a time in the bustling city of St. Louis, amidst the chaos of Prohibition-era speakeasies and clandestine dealings, there existed a notorious establishment known as Lackadaisy. It was a haven for those seeking refuge from the law and a taste of forbidden pleasures. And within the smoky confines of Lackadaisy, amidst the swirling jazz melodies and clinking of glasses, a love story unfolded between two unlikely souls.

Finn, a lean and muscly young man with a rugged charm, found himself drawn to the allure of Lackadaisy's underground world. He was a regular at the speakeasy, known for his quick wit and easy smile. But it wasn't until one fateful night that he laid eyes on the enigmatic Nicodeme Savoy.

Nicodeme, or Nico as he preferred to be called, was the epitome of sophistication and charm. With his chiseled features and piercing gaze, he exuded an air of confidence that drew all eyes to him whenever he entered a room. And on this particular night, as he sauntered into Lackadaisy with an effortless grace, Finn couldn't help but feel his heart skip a beat.

Their first encounter was brief, just a passing glance and a fleeting smile. But from that moment on, Finn found himself inexplicably drawn to Nico. He watched from across the room as Nico flirted and charmed his way through the crowd, his chest puffed out proudly, showcasing his well-defined pecs with playful confidence.

As the night wore on, Finn found himself unable to resist the magnetic pull of Nico's presence. He approached him tentatively, drawn by the promise of something more than just a casual encounter. And to his delight, Nico welcomed him with open arms, his smile sending shivers down Finn's spine.

Their connection was immediate and undeniable, like two pieces of a puzzle fitting perfectly together. They danced through the night, lost in each other's embrace, their laughter mingling with the music as they reveled in the euphoria of newfound love.

In the weeks that followed, Finn and Nico's relationship blossomed amidst the clandestine world of Lackadaisy. They stole moments of stolen passion in hidden corners of the speakeasy, their love burning bright against the backdrop of a world shrouded in secrecy.

And as they gazed into each other's eyes, Finn knew that he had found something truly special in Nico. He had found love in the most unexpected of places, and he vowed to cherish it for as long as he lived, basking in the warmth of Nico's love and the glow of their shared desires.

In the dimly lit confines of Lackadaisy, where the jazz flowed as freely as the forbidden liquor, Finn found himself amidst the swirl of dancers and laughter. Clad in his usual attire of rolled-up sleeves and a fedora perched jauntily on his head, he exuded an air of casual confidence as he navigated through the crowd.

It was then that his gaze fell upon Nicodeme Savoy, a vision of masculine allure leaning against the bar with a drink in hand. Finn couldn't help but feel his pulse quicken at the sight of Nicodeme's lean frame and mischievous grin.

As if sensing Finn's gaze upon him, Nicodeme turned, his eyes locking with Finn's in a playful challenge. With a smirk, he flexed his arms, causing his shirt to strain against the bulging muscles of his chest. Finn couldn't tear his eyes away as Nicodeme playfully bounced his large pecs, his tongue peeking out between his lips in a teasing gesture.

Unable to resist the temptation, Finn approached Nicodeme, his heart pounding in his chest. "Hey there handsome," Nicodeme purred, his voice smooth as silk.

"What are you doing in a place like this?"

Finn chuckled, feeling a surge of confidence coursing through him. "Just looking for a bit of excitement," he replied, his gaze lingering on Nicodeme's chest. "And it seems I've found it."

Nicodeme's grin widened, his eyes sparkling with amusement. "Well, you've certainly come to the right place," he said, taking a step closer to Finn. "Care to join me for a drink?"

Finn nodded eagerly, his pulse racing with anticipation. As they made their way to the bar, he couldn't shake the feeling that this encounter was the beginning of something extraordinary. And as Nicodeme leaned in to whisper something in his ear, Finn knew that he was about to embark on the adventure of a lifetime, with Nicodeme by his side.

In the dimly lit ambiance of Lackadaisy, where the air was heavy with the scent of alcohol and jazz music filled every corner, Finn found himself entranced by the magnetic presence of Nicodeme Savoy. Nicodeme, or Nico as he preferred, was a vision of confidence and allure, his chest proudly on display as he flaunted his muscular physique with playful abandon.

Finn couldn't tear his eyes away as Nico's playful antics drew him in like a moth to a flame. With each bounce of his large pecs and every flirtatious glance, Finn felt his heart race faster. He watched, captivated, as Nico cupped his own chest with a mischievous grin, his tongue poking out in a playful gesture.

Unable to resist the temptation, Finn approached Nico, his own heart pounding with nervous excitement. "Hey there, handsome," Nico greeted him with a sly smile, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "What are you doing in a place like this?"

Finn chuckled nervously, feeling a flush of warmth spread across his cheeks. "I could ask you the same thing," he replied, his voice tinged with a hint of flirtation. "But I think I found my reason for being here."

Nico's smile widened, a spark of interest igniting in his eyes. "Oh? And what might that reason be?" he asked, leaning in closer, their breath mingling in the air between them.

Finn swallowed hard, his pulse quickening at the proximity. "I think I found someone worth getting to know," he admitted, his gaze never leaving Nico's captivating eyes.

A flicker of something tender passed through Nico's expression, his playful demeanor momentarily softened by a hint of sincerity. "Well then, I suppose you're

in luck," he said, his voice low and husky. "Because I happen to be quite intrigued by you as well."

And in that moment, amidst the dimly lit chaos of Lackadaisy, Finn and Nico found themselves on the brink of something new and exhilarating. As they danced through the night, their laughter mingling with the music, they knew that they had stumbled upon a connection worth exploring—a love story waiting to unfold in the most unexpected of places.

In the dimly lit ambiance of Lackadaisy, where the jazz music swayed with the rhythm of clandestine desires, Finn found himself ensnared by the allure of the speakeasy's clandestine charm. As he leaned against the bar, his gaze wandered through the haze of cigarette smoke until it landed on a figure that commanded attention.

Nicodeme Savoy, a vision of confidence and charisma, moved through the crowd with the grace of a panther. Finn couldn't tear his eyes away as Nicodeme flaunted his physique, his chest proudly on display, the fabric of his shirt straining against the contours of his muscles. With each playful bounce of his pecs, Finn felt a surge of desire course through him.

Unable to resist the magnetic pull, Finn found himself drawn towards Nicodeme. As he approached, Nicodeme flashed him a mischievous grin, his tongue darting out to cup his pecs in a playful gesture. "Hey there, handsome," he purred, his voice a seductive melody in the dimly lit room. "What are you doing in a place like this?"

Finn's heart raced at the sound of Nicodeme's voice, his cheeks flushing with a mixture of excitement and nervousness. "Just looking for a bit of excitement," he replied, his voice betraying the intensity of his attraction. "And it seems like I've found it."

Nicodeme's grin widened, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "Well, you certainly know where to find it," he said, leaning in closer until Finn could feel the warmth of his breath against his skin. "Care to join me for a drink? I have a feeling we could have a lot of fun together."

Finn nodded eagerly, his pulse quickening at the thought of spending more time with Nicodeme. As they made their way to the bar, he couldn't shake the feeling that this encounter was the beginning of something extraordinary. In the depths of Lackadaisy's clandestine world, amidst the swirling desires and hidden passions, Finn had found himself drawn to Nicodeme like a moth to a flame. And as they shared a drink, their laughter mingling with the jazz music, Finn knew that this was only the beginning of their exhilarating journey together.

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